Three Gems
in One Setting

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

https://archive.org/details/threegemsinonese00bond

H. Gough Arbuthnot
G.S.A.

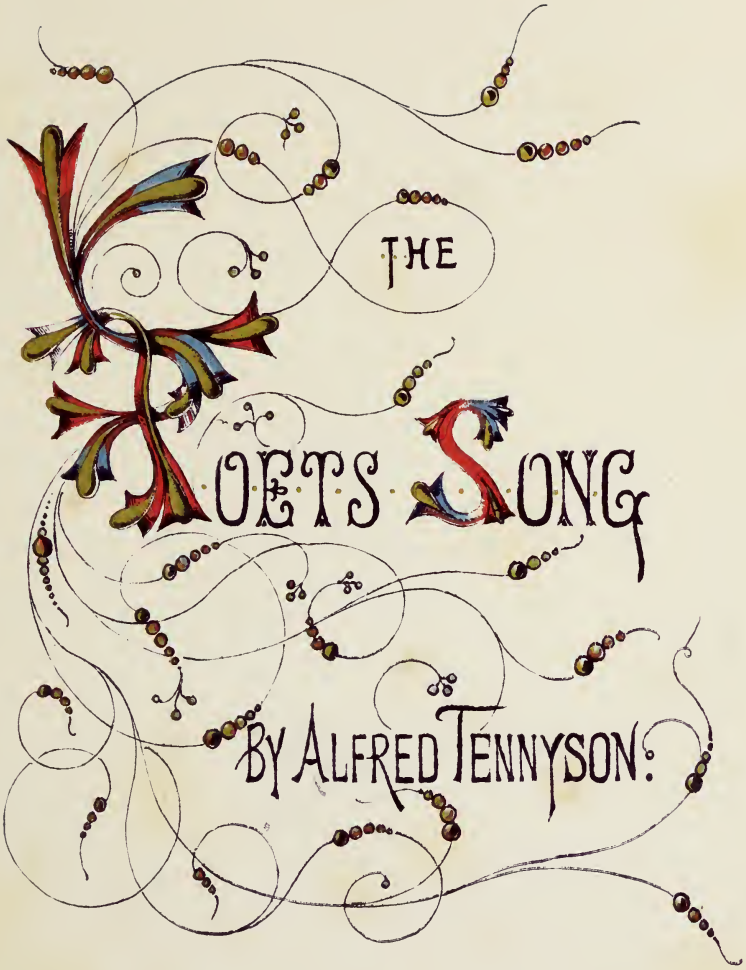
in remembrance of Dec.r 24th 1860

THREE GEMS IN One Setting

BY A. L. BOND.

THE POET'S SONG, TENNYSON.
FIELD FLOWERS, CAMPBELL.
PILGRIM FATHERS, Mrs HEMANS.

LONDON.
W. KENT & Co PATERNOSTER ROW.

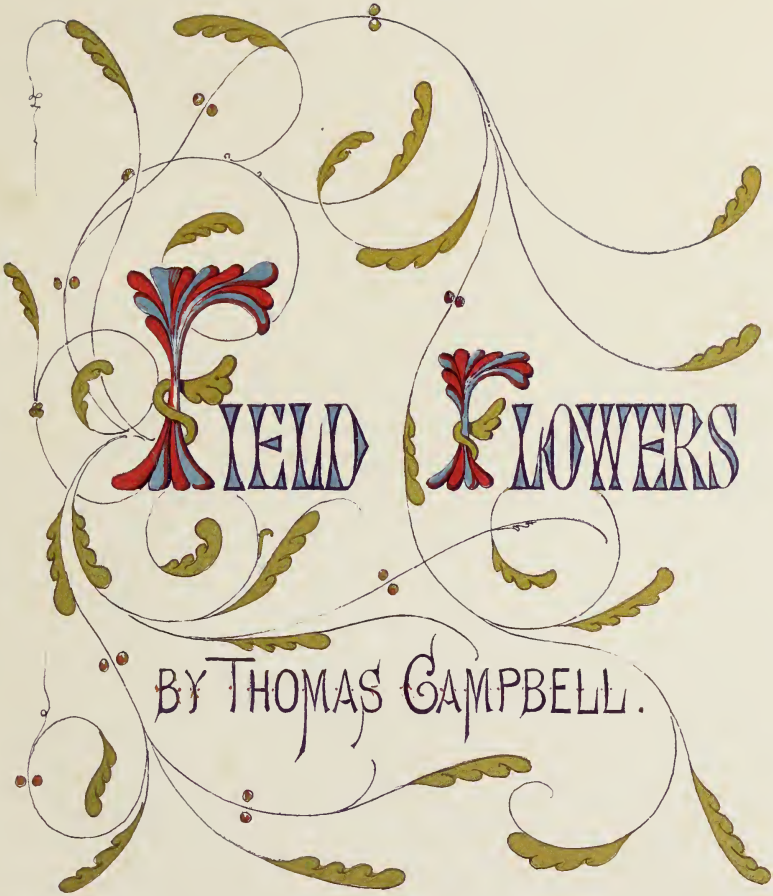

THE
POETS SONG
BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose.
He pass'd by the town and out of the street.
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat.

And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee
The snake slipt under a spray.
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak
And stared with his foot on the prey.

And the nightingale thought, I have sung
many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away"


FIELD FLOWERS
BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

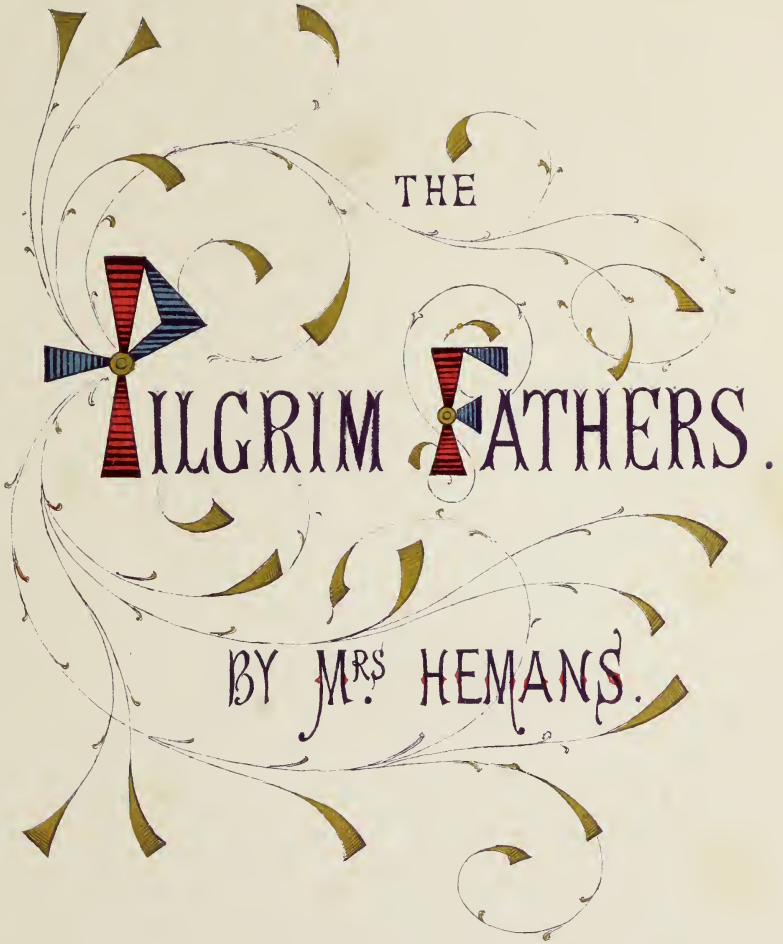
Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you,
'tis true,
Yet wildings of Nature, I doat upon
you.
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me
with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups
gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back
into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains
and echoing streams,
And of birchen glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing
in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the
wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a
pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart,
little wildings of June.
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful
your beauties to find,
When the magic of nature first
breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet
awakes;
What loved little islands, twice seen
in their lakes.
Can the wild water-lily restore;
What landscapes I read in the
primrose's looks.
And what pictures of pebbled and
minnowy brooks.
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earths cultureless buds, to my heart
ye were dear.
Ere the fever of passion or
ague of fear.
Had scathed my existence's bloom.
Once I welcome you more in
life's passionless stage.
With the visions of youth to
revisit my age.
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.


THE
PILGRIM FATHERS.
BY Mrs HEMANS.

The breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast.
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and the waters o'er.
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes.
They, the true-hearted came.
Not with the roll of the stirring drums.
And the trumpet that sings of fame.
Not as the flying come.
In silence and in fear.
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!
The ocean eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faiths pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trode,
They have left unstain'd what there
they found–
Freedom to worship God.

Special
9/-B
18230

THE GETTY CENTER
LIBRARY